Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, September 5, 1918 Number 27

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

LIFE AND DEATH

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But stay, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride,
Was it harder for him?

But to live: every day to live out
All the truth that he dreampt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
And the world with contempt—

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led—
Never mind how he died.

—Ernest H. Crosby.

From "Swords and Ploughshares."

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

"The Shorter Bible" 417
The White Flower of the Battle Fields..... 418

THE PULPIT—

Religion and Religions.—Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D. 419

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—

Perversions of Scripture.—*Herbert L. Willett*.. 424

POETRY—

Life and Death.—*Ernest H. Crosby, from "Swords and Ploughshares"* 415
Renewal.—*Reginald Wright Kauffman*..... 417
Sea-Birds.—*Jessie B. Rittenhouse* 423
The Scribe.—*Walter De la Mare*..... 424

THE FIELD—

Prolific Anzac Poets.—*The Literary Digest*..... 425

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1918 NUMBER 27

RENEWAL

To think that you were always there,
Steadfast and wise and true,
A daughter of the earth and air,
And yet I never knew!

That while I sought the Vision far
And vainly, unexpressed
It waited where the home lights are,
And yet I never guessed!

But oh, most wonderful of all
That, ere the hope had passed,
I heard the high heart's clarion call
And found you, dear, at last!

—Saturday Evening Post.

"The Shorter Bible"

At last the long felt want, on the part of ministers, Sunday School workers and intelligent readers of the New Testament, has been supplied in a most satisfactory manner. The twenty-seven more or less separate documents which constitute the New Testament have at last been edited in the light of modern scholarship. These units of varying dates and authors have been compiled and arranged in their approximate chronological order and the "solemn style" of the old grammars has been abandoned and the original text rendered by competent scholars into the nearest equivalent of the English vernacular of today. Whatever of dignity and association belongs to the venerated "King James version" is more than compensated for by the graphic terseness of the "good English" of the present day.

The title, "The Shorter New Testament," is inadequate. There are no elisons to speak of, simply a compilation and the avoidance of repetition. In the altogether too short preface we are told that seven-eighths of Mark is quoted in Matthew and three-fourths of it in Luke. The reader will discover that Matthew, Mark, and Luke cover the same ground and largely deal with the same material drawn from sources more or less common to all. From these three inadequate biographies the life of Jesus is arranged in a way to give in fifty pages a sketch delightfully refreshing. It is a spiritually quickening narrative that even to those who have a life long acquaintance with the New Testament seems like a fresh document. The story of Paul is arranged in the same way and the greatest missionary the world has ever known stands before the reader in his heroic proportions.

Of course the old division into chapters and verse is abolished. The two hundred and five section headings substituted serve almost an adequate comment, though it is a pity to our mind that the books are not further enriched with very brief "Introductions," a line or two setting forth the few facts that will place the documents more clearly in time and place.

A one-page table arranging the books of the New Testament in their approximate chronological order, their approximate dates now being largely matters of agreement on the part of New Testament scholars, would be illuminating and informing. This chronological order has been respected in the arrangement of the books. The "intelligent reader" will be surprised to find that the gospel of John is given the last place in the book. Paul's second Epistle to Timothy is the last letter assigned to Paul, while I Timothy is placed among "Later Writings." This may prove confusing if not shocking to the uninformed, but quite orderly and justified to one who has honored the New Testament by the same critical study as is gladly given to all the other classics of the elder world, namely, an attempt to answer the questions, When? Where? Who? and What For?

Space forbids further appreciation of this valuable contribution to New Testament study. The translation and arrangement is by Charles Foster Kent, professor of Biblical Literature of Yale University, whose work along New Testament lines is well known to all students of that book. Charles Scribner's Sons have displayed their usual skill in book making. "A Shorter Old Testament" is in preparation. This will be a more difficult but perhaps quite as necessary a task. In this New Testament there are few if any eliminations, none of importance. Perhaps the Old Testament will permit more elimination. In this work Charles Cutler Torrey, Professor of Semitic Languages in Yale University, Henry A. Sherman, head of the Department of Religious Literature of Charles Scribner's Sons, Frederick Harris of the Publication Department of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Ethel Cutler, Religious Work Secretary of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, have collaborated.

The appearance of the book at this time naturally suggests its availability to soldiers' needs. It will be a great pity if the splendidly organized Y. M. C. A. and chaplain service in the American Army and Navy does not prove an efficient vehicle by which this new

book, exponent of fresh life, does not find its way into the soldier's tent and pocket. We think it safe to say that there never was an army that contained so many college graduates, educated youths, representing religious homes and cultured firesides as is now assembled under the Stars and Stripes. We are told that the printing presses are kept busy day and night in turning out Bibles for the soldiers. This is well, but the Bible as a talisman, the proverbial Bible, that stops the bullet on way to the soldier's heart, may become a mere fetish, a book glazed with convention, wrapped in a stupidity born out of unilluminated familiarity. It is certainly true that even the Revised Version submits its treasures under such conditions as would render the literary classics of the world unattractive if not unavailable. If Shakespeare was offered to the young growing mind in as unavailable form as the Book of Job is, it would probably become as negligible a product of genius. We wish that some of the money used in distributing millions of the New Testament in its conventional garb could be used in distributing some thousands of this "Shorter New Testament" in the camps of the American soldiers. We hope that the directors of the Y. M. C. A. work in the camps and their associates will give the book a trial. We mistake the caliber of the American regiment if a chaplain would not create a sensation and gain the chance of his life by the announcement that he would conduct a Sunday afternoon or evening class in the study of the New Testament in the light of the later scholarship as printed in this "Shorter New Testament," translated and arranged by Professor Kent and published by Scribner's, retail price $1.00 (soldier's rate let us hope fifty cents). It would bring new interest to a great theme and fresh vitality to Christian zeal.

The White Flower of the Battle Fields

We have books many of war horrors, many of war heroism, many, too—can there be enough?—which show the high ideals and self-devotion of the war, the conscious offering of self to sufferings and death to gain the ends which are at stake for man. But there is still room for a book which will gather and preserve the *chivalry* of the war. Chivalry ("noblesse oblige") emerges where the scale is turning and the brute in man becomes the man in brute. In the mediaeval civilization it was the high flowering of warfare, and gave an actual glow and beauty to those centuries of strife. The name covers the generosities of mortal combat, the honor with which noble foes regard each other, the element of tenderness and rescue that blends with bravery to give knighthood its fame. There must be many acts of chivalry in the present war and on both sides of the battle fronts. Although for us much harder to discover on the German side, and probably much rarer there, yet there, too, could we but get at facts, it seems as if there must be many instances of it; for after all, the war at worst has not set up *verbotens* to human evolution. A book of authenticated acts of chivalry, similar to the chronicles of its opposite, authenticated cruelty ("might makes right") perpetrated by Germany in Belgium and France, by Austria and Bulgaria in Servia, by Turks in Armenia, might do something to lessen the hatred between the warring folk. When one has been greatly injured or insulted, to hear of deeds of undeniable generosity or self-sacrifice done by the man who has so wronged oneself, has a distinctly gentling effect on flaring wrath.

Were such a White Book of Chivalry to be collected, it is likely that battle's new terrain—the Air—would furnish an undue share of generous anecdote. Everything about this higher third plane of the fighting field is startling. One of its enthusiastic adepts writes in the *Atlantic* that it is so gloriously new that, to tell of aerial adventure, one needs a new language, or at least a parcel of new and sparkling adjectives, to interpret the experience and the outlooks that it opens to imagination. Among these shining novelties there is evidently something in aviation that tends to call out chivalry. Is it the element of *personal* combat in it,—individual against individual, one's unaided wit, resource and daring against another's equally unaided, —as on the battle field of the Middle Ages, when combat was so largely hand-to-hand, and the bow and arrow was the weapon that distanced foes the farthest from each other? Until yesterday, when the bayonet came back with the new trenches, death on the modern battle field was becoming more and more an impersonal affair. Perhaps the extreme peril of the service, tempting to noble spirits, the steadier gaze into the eyes of death than in the older forms of battle peril, the new horror of a mile-long fall through space and that fall possibly in flames, and the sense of fellowship with one's opponent in braving this danger and this horror—perhaps these things unseal new founts of pity in those who face each other in the lonely clouds. At all events, be reasons what they may, the knights of the air have already surrounded aerial combat with the glow of chivalry.

This comes out conspicuously between the aviation victor and his captive, if alive; between the survivor and his victim dead. In whatever form of service met, Death is the great peacemaker. In a moment the deadly foe becomes the *quasi*-friend; hate dims, wrath cools, and without nice calculations we begin to feel and give the honor due from man to man. The burial honors accorded fallen foes have been among the most touching and hopeful signals of chivalry in this war. The papers have lately been reporting the military honors with which the German aviators buried Quentin Roosevelt. The story of similar honors accorded by them to young Guynemer some months ago is probably true, although the reported presence of invited French aviators at the funeral has been denied from French Headquarters. It is a pity if we have to lose that touch of chivalry. On one side as on the other the feeling wells. Baron Richtofen, a famous German "ace," fighting at the head of his flying squadron, was shot last April and fell behind the British lines. A French paper gives detail of what followed:

The uncrushed body lay, as it were, in state in a large tent—the look on the face retaining, even through death, the horror of the fall. At an appointed hour

a guard of honor, forming in line, presented arms. Six officers, all Britsh aces, lifted the casket on their shoulders and bore it between two ranks of soldiers to the army wagon. With guns reversed the guard of honor, with fifty aviators, officers and sub-officers, followed marching four and four. Four aviators had flown over from the French camp to represent the tribute which France wished to offer to a brave and loyal foe. Upon the casket lay five wreaths of immortelles, ribboned with German colors, one sent from the British Headquarters of aviation, the others by neighboring squadrons, each bearing the words, "Au Capitaine Richtofen, vaillant et digne adversaire." The slow procession marched to the grave where the English chaplain—the dead hero was a Lutheran—in surplice-covered khaki, reads the burial service. The guard fires three volleys as a last salute. They fasten on the casket an aluminum tablet with the inscription in both French and English, "Here lies the Captain of Cavalry, Manfred, Baron de Richtofen, twenty-five years of age, slain on the field of honor in air fight, the 21st of April, 1918." As the young chief is lowered in the grave, the avions are already circling overhead seeking new combats. Not far from Amiens can be found the little mound, a white hawthorn hedge surrounding it.

A friend's letter came from France the other day, telling a somewhat similar incident on the German side. A little white-haired refugee, who had lived thirty-four months in territory occupied by the Boche, described it. It was the burial of a French soldier who died of gas in the hospital at Nesle. "It was 'verboten' for the French to follow the corpse to the cemetery. Madame Sandras heard that the officer was to be buried at 3 p. m. Fearful that he would not be decently buried, she rose from a sick bed and hid herself in the cemetery until the cortège arrived. A firing squad fired a salute. A German chaplain read the service and finished by saying, 'Living, thou wert an enemy; dead, thou art our friend: Hero, dying for thy country!' A German officer cast a handful of earth on the coffin, 'In the name of thy father!' Madame Sandras, risking her life, advanced from her hiding place, took a bottle of holy water from under her cloak and cast it on the body, exclaiming, 'In the name of thy mother!' And the Boche, contrary to orders, saluted her and departed without a word. After that the people of Nesle were allowed to follow the cortège."

"There are countless other stories," the friend continues, "but I dare not take time to tell them, because several hundred refugees arrive at the station in a few minutes"—and he was the Red Cross agent to welcome and care for them. W. C. G.

THE LIME MIXER.

His clothes and red face spattered all with white,
He stood beside the trough and with slow beat
Dashed with his hoe the water o'er and o'er,
And made a coolness in the summer heat.

I heard the wave long-breaking on the shore,
The dark pines crooning to the windy sky,
The waste of lonely waters, and aloft
The wheeling gull drop down his lonely cry.

The Nation. *H. Gordon.*

Religion and Religions

A Chapter from Posthumous Volume "Catholicity," by Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., Edited by F. Maurice Newton, Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1918.—[See Book Notes in Issue of August 29.]

Francis Bacon said: "Religion being the chief bond of human society, it is a happy thing when itself is well contained within the bond of unity."

The tree, starting from a seed, has unity in its source. Growing through trunk and branches and twigs and leaves, it develops varied forms and functions, as expressions of its life; the life which ever remains one in the common sap flowing through every part of the common organism. The whole complex life of the tree strains through this rich variety towards the flower and the fruit, into which every member of the organism distils its essential life; and lo! there is again a oneness.

Religion, viewed from the human standpoint, as an expression of man's spiritual life, is his effort for the adjustment of his life with the Cosmic Power; his thought of that Power, his feeling towards It and his conduct under It. Religion, viewed as the life of the Cosmic Power manifesting itself in the life of man, is God's self-communication to the soul of man; His guidance of man's thought into a knowledge of Himself (theology), His messages to the mind of man (Revelation), His stirring of man's feelings into aspiration for the divine life (inspiration), His direction of man's conduct into character (ethics). In either aspect religion is one in its source, its inner nature, its end and aim; one in the oneness of our human nature, the oneness of the divine nature, the oneness together of these natures of God and man. But, as an expression of the life of man who is himself in a process of growth, and as an expression of the life of God who is amid the processes of self-unfolding, religion must, between the seed and the flower, differentiate itself into the rich variety of forms and functionings which we behold in the manifold religions of earth; differing in its phases with the different stages of man's growth, the different environments of the many lands of earth, the different civilizations of history. Each of these religions, however, proves itself to a scientific study an expression of some necessary phase of religion; each subserves a use in the evolution of the fruitioning religion of humanity; each will find its permanent value preserved and its transient uses discarded in the attained unity of the flowering soul of man.

There can be no dispute concerning the oneness of the source of religion, viewed either in its human or its divine aspect. My aim is to suggest hints of the essential unity of religion even now underlying all religions, and the ultimate oneness toward which all religions are forth-reaching.

The religions of Christendom resolve themselves into varieties of the one Christian Religion. Between the most uncommon of the sects of the Western world there is found that which Dean Stanley was wont to call our "common Christianity"—the essential Christian elements. This is to be seen alike in the Insti-

tutions, the Worships, the Beliefs and the Life of Christendom.

What is true between the different churches of Christianity is true also between Christianity and other religions. Is man one in nature the world over; the human race, despite all its vast variations, one *genus homo;* the blood coursing in the veins of Asiatics, Europeans, Africans and Americans the same sacred ichor—as by all our scientific research is proving to be the fact? Then is real religion one, wherever, in the differing religions of earth, the soul of man, seeking to adjust itself to its cosmic relationships—to know its cosmic source, to obey its cosmic law, to reach its cosmic goal—looks up to God in hope and trust, looks out to man in love. The religions of men are many; the religion of man is one. Vary as religions may and must under varying environments and heredities, through the varying temperaments of different races and the varying stages of the growth of man; emphasizing, as each must needs do, the peculiar phase of the divine life imaged in each of these differing human mirrors; marked, as each necessarily is, by the errors which are the shadows of these partial truths, yet all are but variations of the one true religion, the life of God in the soul of man.

So we find that the Institutions and Worships, the Beliefs and the Life which are common to the different Christian churches, are common, also, to the different religions of humanity. Epitomizing our findings under these four heads, we have the following premises for our agument for catholicity:

Religion develops the same great *Institutions* in different lands and ages, which the varying religions of men vary indefinitely.

The Church, spelled with a capital C, was an institution of Chaldea, India and Egypt, millenniums ago, as it is of Italy and England and America, today. The Buddhist felt towards his "order" much as the Romanist feels towards his church. A sacred ministry, a class of men set apart for the divine offices of religion, would have been found of old in Babylon and Thebes, as it is found now in Paris and London. The Pagan Temple was the Christian Basilica and Cathedral, baptized with another name. The altar stood in the sacred spot of the heathen temple, as it stands in the holy place of the Christian minster. Monasticism developed in the East long before it arose in the West. Monks and nuns and hermits would have been found along the Nile Valley ages before Christendom poured its host of sad-souled ascetics up the sacred river, peopling the hills for thousands of miles. A solution of the problem finds in these resemblances hints of the oneness of religion, generating the same sacred institutions among different religions.

The natural symbolism of washing had suggested itself to pious souls of many lands, and other religions than Christianity had their own sacred lustrations. The distinctive form of sacred washing which Christianity inherits from the Jewish John had grown into use in widely differing religions, as a rite of initiation into the divine life, the symbol of renunciation of the past, the sign of self-purification, the sacrament of the divine forgiveness of sins. India had its well recognized baptism. Dean Alford's noble baptismal hymn might have been sung over the confessors of the faith by the Ganges, as by the Thames. Mithraicism had a similar ceremony, as had also the mysteries of Greece and of other lands. The Christian Church holds its prized baptism as a trustee for humanity, whose sacred possession it is—the sacrament for the opening of the one spiritual life of the children of the one God in all lands and under all religions.

The Lord's Supper, by general tradition instituted by Jesus himself, was an outgrowth of the Jewish Passover Supper. As it is observed in the two greatset Churches of Christendom, it is far from the original institution, the simple memorial meal of Jesus; far, also, from the early Christian rite, the love-feast of primitive Christianity. And the difference between the mass of the Church of Rome and the eucharist of the Greek Church, on the one hand, and the love-feast of primitive Christianity and the memorial meal of Jesus, on the other hand, admeasures the inflowings from the surrounding pagan environment of early Christianity.

The ancestry of the Mass is to be found in the Mysteries of Mithraicism and Greece, as well as in the Passover of Judaism. It is the child of Isis, as of Jehovah. The sacred mysteries of different lands, those esoteric ethical and spiritual cults so widely scattered among the religions of antiquity, observed a sacred meal as a symbol of man's communion with God—the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace whereby man doth partake of the very life of God, and doth nourish his being into holiness by eating of the bread which "cometh down from heaven," by drinking the wine which "maketh glad the heart of man," whose natural symbols are in the wheat and the grape, the choicest fruitings of the indwelling life of nature. Bread and wine were distributed to the worshipers and eaten and drunk in reverence, with prayer and praise. Curiously, again, the Mass even preserves the ancient Pagan form of the sacred bread—the unleavened wafer still to be seen on the patten upon the altar.

All this was natural and inevitable in the sacramental system of nature, through which a law of correspondence runs; causing every form of life to be a type, a shadow of a higher form of life; making the fundamental function of feeding, whereby life is conserved and increased, a symbol of the functioning of the soul for the maintenance and development of spiritual life, the growth in grace of the spirit of man by assimilating the thoughts of the divine mind and converting them into character. The Christian Mass is the highest dramatization of the mysteries of the soul—a dramatization rehearsed centuries ago upon the banks of the Euphrates, the Cephissus and the Orontes. This is the glory, not the shame, of Christianity, proving it the flowering forth of the various religions of antiquity, whose best life, strained into it, reappears in it.

In *Worship* all religions prove themselves akin. The sacred symbolisms through which art ministers to worship meets us in the temples of Paganism as in the churches of Christendom. The circle, the triangle and the trefoil were graven by Pagan chisels on the walls of the buildings reared by religions which thought of themselves only as aliens and foes one to the other. For the unity of God, signed by the circle and the triunity, the oneness in variety of God, signed by the triangle and the trefoil, were truths known to no one religion alone, shared by all great religions in the

same stage of evolution. The cross, which forms the most sacred symbol of our Christian churches, painted above the altar, shining in brass from the altar itself, flashing from the top of the lofty steeple—this same cross would have been found in the temples of well-nigh every religion of the past, as its most sacred symbol. Even the sacred buildings themselves were often constructed on the cruciform plan. The sleeping-places of the dead were hallowed by the same sign which consecrates our "acres of God"; and stone and brass crosses cast their shadows over the graves of Pagans, as of Christians. The cross was to those heathen, as to us Christians, the sacred sign of life; of the life of man in the human body; of the life of man escaping from the body and rising through death into immortality; of human life accepting the law of sacrifice under which the superior souls of earth devote themselves to the saving of their fellows; of the life of God Himself, in which all these mysteries of our human life find their source and spring, their ground and aim. It was the symbol of the cosmic mystery which the Christian seer beheld, when he saw "in the midst of the throne as it were a lamb slain from the foundation of the world"; the cosmic mystery which the Pagan seers beheld when they fashioned that strangest symbol of antiquity, found in many a land, within many a religion—a crucified Saviour hanging in the skies; the truth now forever sacred to man, since the Supreme Son of Man died upon the cross of Calvary, embodying once for all the cosmic mystery in the human life divine.

If we turn to the inmost heart of worship, it is to find that, as in religious symbolism, so in the essential life of the soul, under the many religions of men there is one religion of man. Every religion, as it has grown, has grown out of rite into reverence, out of ceremony into character, out of the prescribed performances of priestly piety into the prayer and praise which are the very soul of true worship. Each may have begun in the rituals of superstitious fear which are recorded alike in the Levitical legislation, the institutions of Manu and the ceremonial codes of Chaldea; but all have evolved into the pure passion of the soul, forever sacred to man in the litanies of Accadia, the psalms of the Old Testament, the metrical prayers of the Vedas, the lofty aspirations of the Upanishads, the devout worship of the hymn of Cleanthes, and the calm meditations of Marcus Aurelius. Prayer and praise form the efflorescence of Hinduism, Zoroastrianism and the many religions of Egypt, as of Christianity. When the Mohammedan worships, he kneels upon his mat and prays, as does the Christian. Different as the outer forms of human prayer may be, their inner substance is one—the desire for the knowledge of God, the hunger for the life of God, the longing for the forgiveness of sins and peace with God, the realization of the oneness of man with his source and spring. Today, when we would enkindle our souls in public worship, we Christians open the ancient Jewish psalter, and are fain to pray and praise in the words written centuries ago under the shadows of the temple of Zion, or by the waters of Babylon. And when we Christians would retire into the sacred place of our being, and, shutting the door of the senses, would be alone with God, how often do we find the priest for this silent worship in some ancient heathen, whose soul-communings are immortalized in the poem or the prayer which makes our anthologies of religion so precious to us—the companion of our closet proving not merely the Christian Augustine and A Kempis, but the Pagan Epictetus and Plato.

On the surface of the subject, the *Beliefs* of men seem bewilderingly manifold, hopelessly discordant. How many the faiths for which religions have fought! How contradictory religious beliefs one of another! What possible ground of unity can be found for religions as dissimilar as Hinduism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism and the various cults of Egypt, of Greece and of Rome? Is not the *raison d'être* of each great religion, in the science of comparative religion, to be found in the affirmation of some truth or truths not held by other systems? Must not each great religion, therefore, be dissonant with all other great religions; the more positive its affirmation the more strident its discord in the Babel voices of the soul? Does, then, the flute or the violin or the clarionet merely make a discord in the cacophony of the orchestra? Does not the master of music blend these variant cries of the instruments into a symphony? "The symphony of religions," Cudworth's great word long prior to our own Higginson, is a phrase as scientifically true as it is poetically fine. As "the golden tides" of the music of the soul beat around the throne of God, all the discords of religions harmonize in the concord of religion, each truth for which men have struggled finding its complement in some other truth against which they have struggled, God thus fulfilling Himself in many ways.

But there is a unity deeper than the oneness of harmony in the variant voices of the soul. All great religions pass through one general course of evolution. In the same stages of development, all alike will bring forth, as the same institutions and worships, so also the same beliefs. Arrange these different religions synchronously, in respect to their evolution, and the same ideas will be found in all, more or less modified. As they grow, they grow together; over all differences of environment and heredity, the forces of the common life of man asserting the oneness which exists under black skins and yellow, red skins and white. In their higher reaches they strain toward each other. The flowering of all beliefs is in one faith—all religions seeding down one religion. So, beneath the variant and discordant beliefs of the present the germs of the future universal religion can even now be traced. The Cambridge School of Platonists divined this long ago; but how could their fine voices make themselves heard against the raucous cries of the age of Cromwell and Laud? A generation or more before our day, a few widely read but not scholarly trained thinkers caught sight of this same vision, and laboriously spread the unwelcome tokens of it before an unsympathetic age; earning for themselves the ill odor which still clings to the names of Godfrey and Higgins and their ilk. In our own day, the talented and conservative Presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a devoted High-Churchman and an open-minded student, through his researches in sacred symbolism gained glimpses of this truth; which so fascinated him that he pursued the clew found unwittingly in his hands, until he laid before his Church the results of his studies in the noble volume entitled "Monumental Religion." In this epoch-mark-

ing work, Dr. Lundy, accepting the Apostles' Creed as the norm and type of all creeds, traced, clause by clause, the parallelisms which he had discovered in other religions; showing that every article in this creed found its counterpart in the various systems of Paganism. As a consequence, this creed appeared, in a sense utterly dwarfing the timid conceptions of the traditional churchman, a Catholic Creed, a form of faith confessed by men of all lands and ages—the symbol of Universal Religion. Dr. Lundy might have meant only to exalt the creed of Christendom; he succeeded in revealing the creed of Humanity.

The supreme religious functioning resumes the experience of every lower activity, and in the *Life* which is the end and aim of institutions and worships and beliefs, we see again that, though there are many religions, there is one religion.

As each great religion evolves, it evolves towards character and conduct, confessing that its heart's blood is ethical, that it *is* in order to grow a soul. In its lower and rudimentary forms it may anywhere be unmoral, or even immoral; expressing thus the immature development of human nature in the land and age, manifesting the degeneracy back into which life ever tends to slip, as the propulsive forces of evolution for a period fail; but, in its highest reaches, it is everywhere a movement towards the awed recognition of God as the Power Making for Righteousness, and towards the attainment of righteousness as the true communion of man with God. Every religion, in growing, becomes ethical and spiritual. All religions are at one in the ideals before them, in the goals towards which they strive. The ethical and spiritual life, which is the common fruitioning of all religions, is not one thing in one religion and another thing in another religion. There is no real discord between the ethics of Buddhism and Confucianism and the religions of Greece and Rome, no essential difference between the spirituality of the Hindu and Persian and the Egyptian, save as each naturally shows the different coloring of race and environment upon the face of the same soul. The ethical and spiritual life of all these varieties of Paganism is one and the same ethical and spiritual life which tides the soul of the Christian.

The ideals of character vary in varying lands, but only as the refractions of the same light falling in different angles on the same prism will vary. It is one and the same light of life through all the variations of the spectrum. The human ideals are one everywhere. Purity and Justice and Truth and Temperance and Charity—these need no translation from the speech of the Pagan to the tongue of the Christian. There is no Hindu purity, no Buddhist renunciation, no Chinese temperance, no Grecian justice, no Persian truthfulness. The flora and fauna of the human soul are one wherever humanity is found. Every ethical force correlates into every other ethical force. Goodness knows no native soil. Virtue is at home in every land. The Ten Commandments form the law of Egypt and of Persia as of Christendom. The Golden Rule proves the rule of Hindu and Chinaman, as of the Christian. It waited not for Jesus to reveal it. The spirit of the Christ had already revealed it through Jewish Hillel and Chinese Confucius and the great spirits of well-nigh every land. The Beatitudes exigently call upon the Buddhist as upon the Christian. "*Sursum corda.*" Saints are of blood kin the world over.

There is nothing alien to the truly devout Christian in the devoutness of the Hindu Guru, or of the yellow-robed saint of Japan, or of the mystic worshiper among the Iranian mountains. When the soul of man fronts the Infinite and Eternal Spirit, beneath the bo tree of India or amid the rugged fastnesses of Thibet or in the cloisters of the Christian abbey, it is one and the same God who is seen. Wherever we overhear the communings of a soul with God, we hear in our own tongue. In the presence of the man of the spirit, be his name what it may, we know that he is of our family and household of God. Is it anything to us that Plotinus just missed being a Christian, as we hearken to this his meditation?

> So let the soul that is not unworthy of that Vision contemplate the Great Soul; freed from deceit and witchery and collected into calm. Calmed be the body for her in that hour, and the tumult of the flesh; ay, all that is about her calm; calm be the earth, the sea, the air, and let Heaven itself be still. Then let her feel how into that silent Heaven the Great Soul floweth in. . . . And so may man's soul be sure of Vision, when suddenly she is filled with light; for this light is from Him, and is He; and then surely shall we know His presence, when, like a god of old time, He enters into the house of one that calleth Him and maketh it full of light. And how may this thing be for us? Let all else go.

One religion—many religions. One source and spring of religion everywhere, in all ages, though many courses through which it flows; ontaking different flavors and colors from different soils, and becoming many different religions; now poisoning itself in the miasmic marches of superstitious ignorance, now becoming foul and fetid from the discharge into it of the *cloaca* through which man's brutal lusts and evil passions and cruel hatreds empty themselves; again purifying itself under the free winds of heaven and beneath the rays of that Sun of Righteousness ever rising over earth "with healing in its wings."

One inner essence, therefore, within all the bewilderingly variant forms which religion assumes, in different lands and in different times; as man faces one and the same universe, finds one and the same problems to solve, hears within him one and the same mystic voice of the soul, sees behind him one and the same origin, visions before him one and the same destiny, discerns over him one and the same law of life, recognizes in himself one and the same order of evolution for the spiritual life of man everywhere, through which it mounts by one and the same series of stages, under all variations of race, so that the same institutions, worships, beliefs and life appear in different religions at the same period of development.

One glorious burgeoning and blossoming of religion in all climes, one ideal of human life divine rising above the souls of all the loftily striving sons of men of every blood, one secret of cosmic consciousness opening within the spirits of the wise and the good in all countries, one life of fellowship with man and communion with God as the end and aim of religion throughout the ages; in whose blessedness all earnest and devout souls, when illumined, do recognize each other as the children together of the All Father.

This is the epiphany, or manifestation of God in man, which is now rising over our earth; that earth on which, through the centuries, men have differed

from each other, not so much in their politics or economics as in their religions; have fought each other, not so bitterly for the possession of lands and the control of trade, as for the maintenance of a monopoly of religion; being held apart in mutual animosities, persecutions and wars by the very gift of God which should have been their bond of peace. Thank God for the vision of our day, in which, while we still stand apart in our different religions, as befits our different heredities and environments, our varying traditions and temperaments, we know that, under these religions many, there lives one religion—the life of God in the soul of man.

In the recognition of this revelation of our age—the revelation coming to us at the hands of the suspected angels whom we call Science, Comparative Religion, the Higher Criticism and a host of other spirits of bad repute in the heaven of the churches—in the recognition of this revelation, we become conscious of the shame and sin of the divisions which break up Christendom into sects and denominations, not as the natural gropings of spiritual affinities, freely interchanging and co-operating to mutual advantage, but as the unnaturally attempted monopolizations of the truth and the life which are the common heritage of the children of God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the light of this truth, we see the folly and the wickedness of the standing apart from one another which emphasizes the minor matters on which we differ, rather than the essential matters on which we are at one; which makes the note of a standing or a falling church the possession of the accidents rather than of the substance of real religion, the body, not the soul, of the child of God; which places on the green of our New England villages a row of competing churches, each one half-starved, with a poorly paid parson and a poorly equipped plant, and which turns the energies of the struggling churches of our great cities into all sorts of wretched devices for making both ends meet, and for filling the empty places in the needlessly duplicated buildings, mechanicalizing, materializing and mammonizing the religion ostensibly served; which leaves the business world to learn the secret of success in concentration and co-operation, reserving for the supreme institution of humanity—the Church—to blunder along in the obsolete methods of an outworn civilization, a survival of competition in the age of the trust. The first moral of the truth that religions are many while religion is one should set our Christian churches to pray that prayer of their dying master—"that they all may be one"; to pray it as men who can themselves bring down the answer from God, whenever they will to know their oneness in Him and to live it forth.

In the recognition of the truth that there are many religions but one religion, we open our eyes to the folly and the crime of the present attitude of Christendom to the other great religions of earth; the folly and the crime which effectually neutralize the heroic efforts of our foreign missionary work. The East India treaty of 1813 contained the following paragraph, known as "The Missionaries' Charter." It reads thus:

> Whereas it is the duty of this country (England) to promote the interest and happiness of the native inhabitants of the British dominions, and such measures ought to be adopted as may tend to the introduction among them of useful knowledge and of religion and moral improvement.

The *"introduction of religion!"* There had been, then, no religion in the land which had produced little else but religions! There were, then, no plants of the Heavenly Father's planting in the soil of India, no life of God in the soul of the Hindu, no feeling after God by his children in Bengal and the Punjab, no graces of the spirit grown in the lives of the children of Madras and Bombay, no virtues blossoming forth in the saints meditating by the shores of the Indus and the Jumna!

We still go to India to introduce religion, and then wonder that we get no warmer welcome and achieve no greater results. Could we but go thither to recognize the reality of the religion growing there in such rank fertility; to say after Paul—"Ye men of Benares, we perceive that in all things ye are very religious"; to confess the truths held and the life lived there as of God; humbly to learn from the seers of India what they have to teach us; and then, finding them thus made ready to receive from us what we have to teach them, to bring them the story of the Divine Man whose truth and life we hold in trust for the world, bidding them find in Him what they need of truth, what they lack of life—how different our foreign missionary work would be! The first step to a successful foreign missionary work is honestly to face the truth of the topic now before us, religion and religions—one religion under many religions.

There came a letter a while ago from a young minister who had been engaged for two or three years in foreign missionary work in the East. It was a frank and manly letter, breathing throughout the surprise and consternation of an honest soul who had gone upon his work believing that Christianity held a monopoly of true religion, and that he was to displace the false religions of the East by introducing religion; the confession of an honest soul who, in the face of the real religiousness of India, of the truths held there and the life lived there, had awakened with a start to realize that "in every land he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him"; that "that was the true light which lighteth every man coming into the world"; and that we who have seen the "great sheet let down from heaven are thenceforth to call nothing common or unclean."

He was coming back, so he wrote, to take up the study of Sanskrit, that he might master the sources of Hinduism at first hand, and thus prepare himself, humbly and wisely, to go back with a living message to the living children of the living God.

SEA-BIRDS

Birds that float upon a wave,
Resting from the tiring air,
Be the hopes that I would save
From despair!

Menaced by the sky above,
Menaced by the deep below,
You rock as on the breast of Love,
To and fro.

If immensities like these
Cannot fright a thing so frail,
I will keep my heart at ease
In the gale!

—*Jessie B. Rittenhouse.*

Perversions of Scripture.

Nothing could exceed the audacity and persistence with which the language of the Bible, no matter how used or when employed, is appropriated to the exploitation of eschatological notions by those who venture into these speculative regions. The fundamental questions of all legitimate Bible study,—"Who wrote this passage? When did he write it? To what group did he address himself? What did he mean by what he wrote? And, What did his first readers understand by his words?"—seem never to suggest themselves to the promoters of millennialist literature. The sober consideration of almost any of these questions in connection with most of the passages used to buttress the adventistic theory would demolish the fabric of fancy and save the candid student from the common mistakes of the order.

It is not an easy or profitable task to examine the mass of books and pamphlets that have found their way into print in the furtherance of these apocalyptic views. Yet there is no beter way to exhibit the ruthless and brutal manner in which the Bible is handled by men of this sort than to give a few out of hosts of illustrations that might be cited. And it must be kept in mind that the instances presented are not extreme cases, but such as make evident the preversity with which a book whose purpose is plain and whose interpretation is not difficult, is handled. From the wilderness of misquotation which millennnialist propaganda presents the following are taken almost at random:

The writer of Deuteronomy 33:2 presents a stately and impressive picture of the march of Jehovah at the time of the exodus through the desert with his people from Sinai to Zion. Millennialists quote this passage as a proof that Moses foresaw and described the second coming of Christ. Isaiah's promise to his people that in the future time of good the king of Judah shall reign in righteousness and the princes of the royal house rule with judgment (Isa. 33:1) is presented as an instance of prophetic vision of the second advent of Jesus. The psalmist who composed Psalm 72 pictured the approaching prosperity of Israel under a wise and powerful king. This is seized upon as a passage in proof of the second coming of Christ. Jeremiah, rebuking the nation for its waywardness, predicted an early chastisement of Jerusalem, and a time of good to follow, when the nations should look to the holy city for direction (Jer. 3:17). This is claimed by millennarians as a proof text in support of the doctrine of the thousand years of happiness under the personal reign of Jesus in Jerusalem. Ezekiel in Babylon described to his fellow exiles the city of Zion that was soon to be rebuilt in greater glory than ever upon their return to Palestine (Ezek. chapts. 42, 43). This passage is made the prediction of the building of the temple in Jerusalem at the second advent. Micah's promise that the former dominion of the city, which he calls the "tower of the flock," is to return in the days that are to follow the exile (Mic. 4:8), is made an assurance of the second advent and reign of Jesus upon earth. Zephaniah's denunciation of Judah and the neighboring lands (Zeph. 2:3, 3:8) included the vivid oriental threat that the earth should be devoured in the fire of the divine jealousy. This is pressed into service as a forecast of the second coming.

The merest tyro in biblical literature knows at a glance that there is not the remotest reference to the second advent in one of these passages, or a score of others that might be cited from the list worked and overworked in the interest of the millennarian theory. In the days when all portions of the Bible were regarded as of equal authority, and the distinction between the various portions had not been recognized as important, such crude appropriation of Old Testament utterances to the eschatological anticipations of New Testament saints might have passed as permissible, although one would have to go far back in the history of biblical science to find standing room for so crude a practice. But in days of fair intelligence like these, men are called upon to repent of these unscrupulous perversions of Scripture. There are only two principles on which it is possible to account for such indefensible treatment of biblical texts. One is a deliberate intent to do violence to the plain teachings of the Scripture. The other is such intellectual inability to understand the basic elements of biblical literature and history. There is no comfort in believing that millennaria are morally delinquent more than others. The second explanation therefore alone remains.

The literature of pre-millennialism is voluminous. Illustrations of the general theory and method of the various groups will be found in the books and pamphlets of Seiss, Kellogg, Andrews, Silver, Gaebelein, Gray and Blackstone, and in the reports of so-called prophetic conferences, held in Chicago and elsewhere. The errors and dangers of the various millennialist theories are presented in such works as those of Brown, Young, Berg, Eaton, Sheldon, Eckman, Mathews and Case.

The closing study of this series will deal with the Activities and Menace of Millennialism.

—*Herbert L. Willett.*

From article on "Millennarian Misuse of Scripture" in The Christian Century.

THE SCRIBE

What lovely things
Thy hand hath made:
The smooth-plumed bird
In its emerald shade,
The seed of grass,
The speck of stone
Which the wayfaring ant
Stirs—and hastens on!

Tho I should sit
By some tarn in thy hills,
Using its ink
As the spirit wills,
To write of Earth's wonders,
Its live, willed things,
Flit would the ages
On soundless wings
Ere unto Z
My pen drew nigh;
Leviathan told
And the honey-fly:
And still would remain
My wit to try—
My worn reeds broken,
The dark tarn dry,
All words forgotten—
Thou, Lord, and I.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

PROLIFIC ANZAC POETS

The Poetic Society of America is credited with seven hundred members—of course not all poets. But Mr. W. M. Reedy, of the St. Louis **Mirror**, observes that "that isn't all the poets there are in America—not even all the free-verse poets." He ventures to believe "there must be at least seven million poets," and figures "the rejection-slips sent out to poet contributors by editors in the course of a year would make a pile higher than the Woolworth Building." Something less than Mr. Reedy's hyperbole is doubtless the truth about the number of our poets, but we must believe their number is very great in comparison with Australia, for example, whose population falls far short of our hundred million, though her acreage may exceed our own. Yet Australia has a plentiful number of poets, too, and the publication of the "Oxford Book of Australasian Verse" is noted by the London **Daily Mail** as the sixth anthology from this quarter that has been published in recent years. Poetry out there is a national habit, we are told:

"It began when William Charles Wentworth competed in 1823 for the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge with a poem on "Australasia," and it became confirmed with the late Sir Henry Parks, who left six volumes behind him. Since then the **Bulletin** school of writers have followed in the wake of Gordon, Kendall, and Brunton Stephens, and new volumes of verse appear in rapid succession.

"The number averages nearly one a week, a good percentage for a country with a comparatively small population. In 1917 there were 43 books of poems issued as compared with 25 novels, 14 works of science, and 12 histories and biographies. When he was editor of **The Lone Hand**, Mr. Arthur Adams stated that while he was always sure of getting good verse, he was never certain of getting a good story, and the editor of **The Anzac Bulletin**, the soldiers' paper issued from Australia House, rarely gets a prose screed of any kind. The contributions are invariably in some form of meter.

"A few particulars of the sales of books of Australian poetry will be sufficient to show that there are many readers as well as writers of verse. 'In the Days When the World Was Wide, and Other Verses,' by Henry Lawson, has reached its twentieth thousand, and Will H. Ogilvie, with his 'Fair Girls and Gray Horses,' has scored the same number. A. B. Paterson's 'The Man from Snowy River, and Other Verses,' started with a modest issue of 1,250 copies. Within a fortnight an edition of 1,000 followed, and within the year the total copies printed numbered 11,000. The number of copies is now 57,000.

—*The Literary Digest.*

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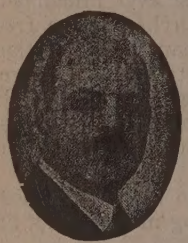

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